



The History of

Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new broyces,
To be commenc't in stronds n farre remote:

No more the thirstye entrance of this soyle,
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butchery,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming rankes,
March all one way, and bee no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now, vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leue,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe:
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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